

The Incident at the Forge

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Summary: Hiccup hurts himself while at the forge and Gobber comforts him. Short Summary, I know.

1. Chapter 1

****The Incident at the Forge****

****disclaimer: I own nothing but the idea.****

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><p>It had started out as just another day on Berk. Hiccup had awoken early, sorting some paper work out, then headed out for a quick ride on Toothless before going to do his regular duties of the day. He sorted a dispute between Gustav and Snotlout over a dragon egg, married the Yarson's girl to the Lederson's boy and found a little girl's helmet that she had misplaced, before grabbing a quick bite at the great hall.<p>

After breakfast, Hiccup headed down to the forge to help Gobber build some saddles. Hiccup remained focussed for most of the time, occasionally pausing to listen to one of Gobber's many stories.

Unfortunately, as time continued, the allure of the stories pulled Hiccup's focus from the nail holes he was hammering into the saddles.

Suddenly, a loud cracking noise, followed by a surging pain in Hiccup's hand brought him out of his thoughts. Hiccup looked down, realized he had hit his hand with the hammer and did his best to stifle a scream.

Gobber, who heard the crack, turned and saw Hiccup gripping his hand as a few tears started forming in his eyes.

"Hiccup?" Gobber hobbled closer to his former apprentice, "What happened?"

"Nothing," Hiccup said, sobs threatening to break his voice, "Everything's... Fine."

Gobber took no notice of Hiccup's words and put an arm around his shoulder, leading him to the back room of the forge, grabbing some gauze and herbs as he did. He quickly took the gauze and started wrapping Hiccup's crushed hand, wincing at every pained hiss and stifled scream.

"Hey, Hiccup," Gobber finished wrapping Hiccup's hand and wrapped his own good arm around Hiccup's shoulders, "It's okay. It'll be okay."

"No, it's not," Hiccup wiped the tears from his eyes with his good hand, "I'm supposed to be a Viking. Chief of Berk... And I'm crying because of a stupid broken arm."

"Hiccup," Gobber tried to help his former apprentice calm down, "It's okay to cry."

"No! It's not!" Hiccup allowed his fresh tears to stream down his cheeks, "Vikings don't cry. Especially a chief. I'm a disgrace to the Haddock family, to my father."

"Now stop right there," Gobber demanded, "Hiccup, when I lost my hand, what do you think I did?"

"Sucked it up and moved on with life," Hiccup gave his own belief of what he thought Gobber did.

"No," Gobber patted his back, "I cried."

Hiccup looked at his former teacher in disbelief, tears still staining his face and bloodshot eyes, "What?"

"I cried," Gobber repeated, "for six months, in total."

Hiccup looked flabbergasted. He'd never guess a viking like Gobber would ever shed a tear, let alone cry for six months. Even he, hadn't cried that much when he'd lost his leg.

"Why?" Hiccup asked.

"Many things," Gobber continued, "Disbelief, ghost limb, grief, self-pity, anger towards the dragons, anger towards myself, but I recovered."

"How?" Hiccup asked, wiping his nose on a simple rag.

"I looked to the positives of life," Gobber poured the herbs into a bowl and started grinding them down, "Stuff like, half off gloves, interchangeable weapons and the friends, family that I had around me, like your mom and dad."

Hiccup couldn't help but grin at how Gobber's face lit up at the mention of his dad. He had been such an influential person. If only

he could be a tenth the man his father had been.

"And then, you came along," Gobber grinned at Hiccup, "And that was when I finally got out of that depression."

"I... Helped you get over the loss of your arm?" Hiccup asked, dumbfounded, "Me?"

"Of course," Gobber smiled lovingly, "That day, I felt like I was a father, in ways. You are the closest thing to a son I've ever had."

"And, you've always been there for me, like a father," Hiccup smiled at Gobber, hugging his old mentor around the waist in gratitude.

While unexpected, Gobber more than welcomed the hug, feeling that Hiccup needed someone to hug in this time. After a few seconds, Hiccup broke the hug and smiled at Gobber in appreciation.

Gobber smiled back at Hiccup, patting him on the back and turning back to the herbs. He finished grinding down the herbs and mixed them with some hot water before pouring the now tinted liquid into a mug and giving it to Hiccup to help heal the hand quicker. He then proceeded to grab a sling and tie it around Hiccup's shoulder and neck, allowing the arm to rest in it.

"Okay, kiddo," Gobber smiled, "just finish off that drink and I'll take you home to get some rest."

Hiccup smiled back and nodded, finished the drink, and stood up, ready to leave. Gobber wrapped an arm around the young chief's back and lead him from the forge up the hill to his house, making sure no one saw Hiccup in this fragile state. He didn't want Hiccup to be any more embarrassed than he already was.

Once inside, Gobber wrote out a little note to Valka, who was out at the moment, explaining what had happened and that Hiccup would be resting in his room. He then lead Hiccup upstairs and helped him into bed. Already, Hiccup's bloodshot eyes were starting to grow heavy and the lids fluttered, struggling to stay open.

"It's okay, Hiccup," Gobber reassured him as he pulled the blanket over his body, "You're home now. You can rest."

Hiccup nodded half-consciously, "Rest does sound good."

"Well, enjoy it," Gobber smiled, "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Gobber?" Hiccup called to him as he was about to leave.

"Yeah, Hiccup?" Gobber asked back.

"Thank you for everything," Hiccup replied, "See you tomorrow."

"Sleep tight," Gobber smiled and took one last glance at Hiccup before quietly closing the door.

2. Chapter 2

When Valka returned from shopping, she knew something was off, as she heard snoring coming from upstairs and a note with her name was left on the dining table. She set down her groceries of yak milk, fish, chicken and fruit and vegetables to examine the letter that was made out to her.

She unfolded it and read it to herself quietly.

"Dear, Val,"

_Hiccup broke his hand today at work, so I sent him home to rest. He should still be asleep by the time you get home, so please don't disturb him. The day was somewhat emotional for him too, so make him something nice for dinner tonight. Perhaps a chicken omelet with cooked fish chunks __and a salad. _

~Gobber~"

Valka set down the note and slowly went up to her sons room to see how he was doing. She slipped into his room and saw him there, hand wrapped tightly in gauze and a sling wrapped around his arm. The evidence of tears were still fresh on his cheeks, but he was smiling, so she knew he was feeling somewhat better.

She knelt down by his face and smiled brightly at him. Through all of it, she was happy to have him. Though she'd lost her husband, she'd gained her son back, and seeing as this was the first time she'd seen him asleep in 20 years, it felt reassuring to know he could take it easy when the matter was necessary.

She took her thumb and wiped the tear marks clear from his cheeks. He was a man, but he was still so young. Still her baby boy. Still her bundle of joy. She gave him a light kiss on the cheeks and stroked his hair, and his smile slightly grew. Then, she gave him one last kiss before leaving to the kitchen.

* * *

><p>Hiccup woke some time later to the delicious scent of food and immediately listened in, hearing his mother hum from downstairs. He smiled, realizing that the soft kissing he'd felt earlier was no dream and sat up, being careful of his sling wrapped arm and hand. Still tired, and somewhat cold, he pulled his blanket around him and slowly made his way down from his loft bedroom to the kitchen.<p>

"See that you're up," Valka flipped the omelet she'd finished cooking onto a plate, "You feeling better?"

"Somewhat," Hiccup replied, concealing his wound under the blanket as best he could.

"Good," Valka replied, "Now go sit around the table, dinner's ready."

Hiccup nodded and walked into the dining room, plonking himself down in one of the benches. Valka entered shortly after and set down the final plates of food and sitting by Hiccup and removing the blanket

to see how bad it was. though she could see nothing terribly out of the ordinary, she knew it must still be painful. Hiccup stopped smiling and seemed to give a look of disdain to his broken hand.

Valka scooped closer to him and pulled the blanket around her own shoulder, making Hiccup smile as she stroked his back lovingly. She took a forkful of the omelet and fed it to Hiccup.

"Mmm," Hiccup savoured the simplicity of his favourite dish, "It's delicious, mom."

"Only the best for my boy," She kissed his forehead, since she was still a bit taller than him, "You deserved it after such an unforgiving day."

After they'd both had their fill, Valka took Hiccup to hers and Stoick's room and helped him to lay down on the much larger bed. They spent the rest of the evening chatting and sharing adventures of their lives.

"Hiccup, honey?" Valka questioned, "Is your arm feeling better?"

"It's still sore," Hiccup replied, "But it's much better than before."

"Good," Valka laid him back down onto the mattress and pulled the blanket overtop both of them, "Well, it's late. Let's get some sleep."

Hiccup nodded and pulled the blanket over him with his good hand, "Okay, love you, mom."

"I love you too, son," Valka smiled and pulled him into her embrace, being careful of his slinged hand, "I love you too."

"Do you think dad's smiling down upon us right now?" Hiccup asked his mother as sleep started to consume them.

"I know he is, darling," She assured him and within minutes, they'd drifted off to sleep again. Embracing each other.

End
file.